



TO THE OLD YEAR.

Good-by, Old Year!
While others ring
The New Year in, and loudly sing
Of what delight and peace 'twill bring.
Ere the last tolling of the bell
To the world soundeth thy death-knell
I bid thee now a fond farewell—
Good-by, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!
While others raise
To thy successor hymns of praise,
I'll thank thee for the by-gone days.
Many a blessing hast thou brought,
Many a sacred truth hast taught;
Fruitful changes have been wrought
By thee, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!
Should I alone
Remember thee when thou art gone,
I'll thank thee for the good thou'st done.
The world forgets the absent friend;
To each new-comer doth it bend,
And casts it off when near the end,
Like thee, Old Year!

Good-by, Old Year!
Dost thou forget
How men with joy thy advent met?
That praise the New Year hath; but yet,
When once again its reign is o'er,
The world it may be, as before,
Will leave me to say once more,
Good-by, Old Year!

—Harper's Young People.

CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.



Jack was the dearest, roundest, rosiest little lad imaginable. He was a picture of happy boyhood that afternoon, three days before Christmas, when, in his smart coat, trimmed in the most delightful military fashion with bands of Persian lamb and black frogs, and his jaunty cap set on fair hair, and his fat went into the park with his sled for a romp. He ran and shouted and pranced until his eyes glowed like stars and his cheeks shown like apples, and everybody hands protected by fur-trimmed gloves he who saw him said: "What a handsome boy!"

Jack, of course, was looking forward to Christmas, just as every boy and girl who reads this is looking forward to that day of all days. He expected to have all sorts of fine things in his stocking, and with very good reason, for Santa Claus had never neglected him. Jack's father was rich. Grandmamma, who was richer, was coming to spend the holidays, and Santa Claus had been telephoned on the subject of skates, drums, swords, guns, and sweetmeats, and there was every prospect that when he called at Jack's home his sleigh would be very full indeed.

Jack was like all boys who have no brothers and sisters, a trifle selfish. But he was a manly, kind-hearted little chap for all that, and so, when he was through with his play and was dragging his sled homeward and came upon a scene on a street-corner which aroused his sympathy, he paused to find out what it meant.

A crowd of rough boys were tormenting a poorly clad little girl, whose wan, haggard face spoke too plainly of misery and poverty. She was frightened and almost crying as Jack came up.

"Here, now!" said Jack, with sturdy determination, "you stop that or I'll call a policeman."

Fortunately, at that moment, a blue-coated officer came in sight, and the hoodlums fled with one wild departing yell.

"Thank you," said the little girl, timidly, "those boys are picking on me."

"What's your name?" asked Jack.

"Susie Greene," said Jack, with an air of business, "you look cold and sick."

"I ain't very strong—"

"And hungry," continued Jack. Susie burst into tears.

"That was enough for Jack. 'Get right on my sled,' said he, determinedly, 'and I'll take you down to my house, and you'll have something to eat.'"

Susie obeyed, and the officer saw with grim pleasure the young heir to Mr. New-



HE STOPPED TO COMFORT HER.

ton's millions dragging off the little waif to his home, a black away.

"He'd be a fine chap, he do be," remarked Policeman Mulvaney.

Jack took Susie into the kitchen, and gave orders she should be fed forthwith. Then he hurried up to his mother's room.

She was there with his grandmother, and in a few words he told them about the little girl he had rescued.

"She's poor and hungry, and she's got no decent clothes. Mamma, can't you fix her up?"

His mother looked at him a moment,

then asked, quietly: "Jack, would you rather have this little girl made comfortable or have a big Christmas yourself?"

Jack hesitated. He thought of all those presents he was expecting; then he thought of Susie's thin dress and bursting shoes.

"You can take the money you were going to spend on my Christmas and fix her up," he bravely said. Then his grandmamma, a stately old lady, in black satin and white lace cap, called him to her and kissed him, with tears in her eyes.

Jack sat bolt upright in bed, and rubbed his eyes very hard. No, he was not asleep. There was the open fire, there his clothes on the chair, there the door into his mother's room.

It was Christmas Eve. Jack had not hung up his stocking, for he did not ex-

pect any presents. Susie had been warmly clothed and her wretched home had been brightened by the visit of Jack and his mother. The boy was satisfied. He had made his choice, and expected to abide by it.

But, marvelous to relate, as he looked toward the fire, he saw a crowd of tiny people hurrying and fussing about on the fur rug before the fire. Three or four had a miniature ladder which they were putting up against the side of the fireplace. Several others had hold of one of Jack's long stockings. When the ladders were in place, a little man, with elfish eyes and spider-like legs, climbed the ladder, dragging Jack's stocking after him, and hung it on a hook, and then coming down put his hands on his hips and surveyed his work with great satisfaction.

"That's what I call a good job," he said. "Now, hurry up, you folk, and get your presents in there before St. Nicholas gets along."

Then fairy after fairy climbed the ladder, and put in his presents. There was a fat brownie, who brought a basket of nuts from the woods.

"I have worked all day," he said, "looking under hedges and dead leaves to gather these nuts for the boy who was kind to Susie."

A quaint little fairy in a curious foreign gown and cap approached. "I have come clear from the borders of the Black Forest in Germany," she said, "to bring this music-box for the boy who was not ashamed to look after a poor little girl."

There was quite a stir as a remarkable fairy approached. He was copper-tinted and had a feather stuck in his black hair, and he bore on his shoulder a beautiful bow and arrow.

"From the lands of the setting sun I have come," said he. "I am a Puck-vudjie, an Indian fairy, but I wanted to bring an offering to the young paleface who has a good heart."

A merry little man in green climbed the ladder, hauling up a beautiful toy sword which he had brought from England for Jack. Then there followed one of the "good people" of Ireland with a drum which he had brought from the Emerald Isle. "Shure it's hurryin' I must be after

doin'," he cried, "to be back before day-break."

In the midst of all this excitement there came a pawing of tiny hoofs overhead and a jingling of bells, and a voice down the chimney cried, "Whoa!" very loudly.

At this every fairy vanished abruptly. But the stocking was left hanging there, and presently, with a scramble and rush, down the chimney came the good Saint himself. Jack knew him directly from his picture. He examined the stocking attentively.

"So they've been here ahead of me!" he observed. "That's a great idea! I never was left before. Well, no matter! There are a few things they've forgotten. Here are the skates, the games, the box of caramels, the books," and as he talked

which plodded gravely at his heels without taking any notice of the admiring stares and pointing fingers of the countless groups that eddied carelessly to and fro through the "Krasnaya Ploshchad" (Red Plain).

"Hello, brother," cried a stout, red-faced, blue-frocked *izvoschik* (hackman), who was driving slowly past in search of a fare. "Where are you going with Meesha?" (i. e., Michael, the Russian nickname for a bear).

"They're going to have him and me in a Christmas show at one of the big circuses," replied the bear leader, "and to give us twelve rubles (nine dollars) a night. Not bad, eh?"

"And by what name are you two going to appear in the bills?" asked a dandified young fellow in a smart new fur cap. "You'll be 'The Renowned Bear Brothers,' I suppose."

"That's in my lad," said the beast tamer; "and as bears generally have a monkey to perform along with them, hadn't you better come and join us?"

The laugh was now turned against the jester, who, irritated by the retort, took off his fur cap, and began to tease the bear by flipping him in the face with it.

"You'd better stop at that game, my fine fellow," said the bear's guardian, warningly. "Meesha's a good-natured creature enough in his way, but he don't understand being joked with by strangers, though he doesn't mind it from me. He's got teeth of his own, I can tell you; and if he makes one bite at you, I rather fancy you'll find your sum comes out wrong the next time you try to count on your fingers."

But the dude was not to be warned, either by the words of the man or the

low growls of the beast, and was continuing to plague the bear, when all at once the shaggy head was thrust forward, and the huge jaws opened and shut with a snap like the falling of a steel trap. The joker drew back his hand just in time to save it, but at the same moment he saw his fine new fur cap (which had cost him seven dollars) vanish like a pill into the bear's capacious mouth, amid a roar of laughter from the crowd.

"Serves you right, young fellow," said the bear tamer, with stern satisfaction. "You've made him a nice Christmas present, anyhow; and there's no fear of your brains catching cold for want of it, for you don't seem to have any."

Under the holly bough,
Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In the fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here,
Let sinners against and sinning
Forget their strife and bickering,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your heart grow fonder
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the remembrance
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In the fast-fading year;
Ye with overburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind—
Come gather here,
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

A FAT chicken makes a lean will.

There is worship in the woods, though the paths be yet untrod.

When all the world goes joying at the birthday of its God.

—Eve H. Brodrique.

It is Christmas in the forest, where softly falling snow
Seems to touch with benediction the waiting earth below.

The long, slim fingers of the wind upon the barren trees
Play Nature's Alleluia in a multitude of keys.

And bird and beast they wake alike to join a common note
And swell the reverent carol which wells up from Nature's throat.

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HOGS AND CHOLERA.

REPORT ON TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

Bureau of Animal Industry Gives the Result of Long and Thorough Investigation of Swine Plague and Other Epidemics.

Strict Quarantine Necessary.

With estimated losses of between \$10,000,000 and \$25,000,000 from hog cholera and swine plague in the United States, the discussion of the treatment and means of prevention of these diseases in a bulletin issued by the Agricultural Department is of great value to the farmers of this country.

The Bureau of Animal Industry has been conducting an exhaustive investigation of this subject and finds that the agents which destroy the germs of one of these fatal diseases, are also effective in the destruction of the germs of the other.

Both are spread by infection and their course varies from one day to three weeks. Both are caused by bacteria.

The germs of hog cholera, says the report, are very hardy and vigorous, while those of the swine plague are very delicate and very easily destroyed. The latter are found to be present in practically all herds of swine, but the former must be introduced from infected herds.

The most efficient virus remedy tried by the Government's agents is the following: Wood, charcoal, sulphur, sodium sulphate and antimony sulphide, one pound each; sodium chloride, sodium bicarbonate and sodium hyposulphate, two pounds each. These are to be completely pulverized and mixed, and a daily dose of a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs given. The medicine may be used also as a preventive of these diseases. It should be put in the feed of the whole herd. To insure more successful treatment the animals should be kept in dry and comfortable quarters away from drafts of air. Five or six months should be allowed to elapse after an outbreak before new hogs are purchased or any of the old herd sold.

The report recommends a rigid quarantining of newly-bought hogs and the prevention of their joining those already on the farm for at least six weeks. During the warm months of the year the swine should have plenty of young grass or clover; crushed or rolled wheat should be fed to the growing animals.

CORN UP, WHEAT DOWN.

The Average Farm Price of Various Agricultural Products.

The returns to the statistical division of the department of agriculture for December relate principally to the average farm price of the various agricultural products on the first day of the month. By farm prices is meant the price at the farm or at the nearest local or railway market.

In comparison of these prices with commercial quotations allowance must be made for cost of handling, transportation, profits of dealers, etc. The farm price of corn averaged 45.6 cents per bushel, which is 9.1 cents higher than the corresponding price of last year, which was 36.5 cents per bushel. This price was 4.3 cents per bushel higher than the average price for the decade 1880 to 1889, and is just 4 cents higher than the average for the four years, 1890 to 1893. The average price of wheat is 49.8 cents per bushel, the lowest price in the past twenty-five years. This price is 33.9 cents less than the average for the ten years, 1880 to 1889, and 22.1 cents less than the average for the four years, 1890 to 1893. The returns make the general price per bushel of rye 50.5 cents, which is 1.3 cents lower than the price at the same date last year. The average farm price of oats as returned for Dec. 1 this year is 4.1 cents higher than for the corresponding date last year, being 32.9 cents per bushel, against 28.8 Dec. 1, 1893. The average farm price of barley is 44.3 cents per bushel against 40.6 cents for the year 1893, or a gain of 3.7 cents. The price for 1892 was 47.24 cents. The average price of buckwheat is 56.2 cents per bushel, against 59 cents for the year 1893, or a decline of 2.8 cents. The returns show the average price of hay to be \$9.18 per ton, while that of last year on the farms was \$9.12.

The average condition of corn is 45.7. The condition of winter wheat on Dec. 1 averaged 89, against 91.5 in 1893 and 87.4 in 1892. In the principal winter wheat States the percentages are as follows: Michigan, 92; Indiana, 88; Illinois, 91; Kansas, 72; Nebraska, 76; California, 92. The returns of correspondents of the department make the acreage of winter wheat sown last fall 103 per cent. of the final estimate of the area harvested in 1894, which was 23,518,796 acres, a larger figure than the preliminary estimate given out in June last, which upon further investigation was found to be too low. This preliminary estimate therefore makes the area sown for the harvest of 1895, 24,224,000 acres.

HIS NOD IS LAW.

The Sultan of Turkey and How He Rules His Barbaric Land.

One of the most interesting personalities in the world just now is the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, who stands responsible for the recent horrible massacre of from 6,000 to 10,000 Christians in Armenia. He has been Sultan since 1876, when he succeeded his brother, Murad V., who became insane and was deposed. The Sultan is a striking character. He never writes and he never reads, and despite the large number of ministers, secretaries and counselors who dance attendance on him he rarely consults. He just sits down, nods or shakes his head, and these dumb rulings of his carry power in every section of the Ottoman empire.

The Sultan is an absolute autocrat. Standing himself in eternal fear of assassination, he thinks nothing of having 10,000 men, women and children butchered if his own life and comfort may be insured thereby or if the massacre promises to guarantee the safe collection of taxes in the future or the payment of overdue moneys owing to the soldiery and army officers. The harem under Abdul Hamid is not the festive institution of old. Quality has given away to quantity even in the selection of odalisques. The Sultan has one real wife—the Sultana—who is the mother of seven children. The quantity of the odalisques kept for his benefit

varies between 150 and 200—all extremely young. When they reach their 16th summer Abdul has no further use for them, and either sells them or presents them to his friends or officials. The chief objects of interest that enter into Abdul Hamid's official life are: European politics, fires in Constantinople and keeping cholera at a distance.

THE GIBBONS RESUSCITATOR.

Designed to Revive Those Apparently Dead from Electrical Shock.

Dr. P. J. Gibbons, of Syracuse, N. Y., who applied to Governor Flower for permission to use his apparatus for resuscitating victims of electricity on Mur-

der Wilson, who is to be executed in Auburn prison, speaking of his attempt to try the apparatus on Wilson, said that the Attorney General had notified him that neither the Governor nor the superintendent of prisons nor the warden of Auburn prison had authority to grant the desired permission.

Dr. Gibbons added:

"My apparatus is designed to resuscitate people who have undergone electrical shock, taken poison, been long immersed in water, or have suffered from similar misadventure. To resuscitate people it is necessary simply to restore breath into them. There are a number of methods now in use for this purpose. My instrument is designed to restore suspended animation more expeditiously and more certainly than any method now in use."

Dr. Gibbons' invention is a simple double bellows. The end of the long tube is inserted in the mouth of the patient, or if this be closed, in an opening made in the throat. The patient's nose is closed, and when the handle of the bellows is raised the air rushes from the patient's lungs into one apartment of the bellows. Simultaneously the other apartment is filled with fresh air through a tube on the

reverse side. This air is forced into the lungs by the compression of the handles. This is all there is to it.

Dr. Gibbons says a large percentage of deaths from electricity are not instantaneous, and could be averted by using his invention. The voltage necessary to kill is not a fixed quantity. In State executions from 1,200 to 1,800 volts are used, whereas, he says, he is acquainted with one case where a man operating an electric dynamo received a shock from a current of 4,600 volts strong, and was resuscitated by ordinary methods after seven minutes. In another case Dr. Gibbons' own assistant, a Mr. Greenwood, received 1,500 volts and was restored. D'Arsonval reports a case where a man received 5,000 volts and was resuscitated after half an hour.

HEAD OF THE SYNDICATE.

John A. Stewart Organized the Purchase of the Recent Bond Issue.

John A. Stewart, sponsor of a great syndicate, who organized the purchase of the most recent bond issue of \$50,000,000, is 72 years of age.

His early education he received in the public schools of New York, and he was graduated from Columbia College when he was 18 years old. For ten years he was clerk of the New York Board of Education. Then he accepted a position as actuary

of the United States Life Insurance Association, with which he remained eleven years. In 1884 when Assistant United States Treasurer Cisco vacated the office, Mr. Stewart was chosen by President Lincoln to fill it, which he did, discharging his duties with skill and ability. He has for many years been president of the United States Trust Company, and under his care the business of the company has grown to its present great proportions.

SEALERS SHOW ANXIETY.

Canadian Fishers Expected More than President Cleveland Recommends.

According to a Victoria, B. C., dispatch President Cleveland's recommendation to Congress to pay \$425,000, practically in full settlement of the claims of Canadian sealers against the United States, causes anxious speculation. When it was inofficially stated some months ago that that amount would be paid it was understood to be merely for claims presented to the Paris tribunal arising out of the seizures in Behring Sea during 1886, 1887, and 1888, there having been none in 1889. About \$400,000 was the amount of claims on this account. Canadian sealers fully expect to receive large sums for the loss of prospective profits through exclusion under the *modus vivendi*, especially because for 1891, the first year of the arrangement, England advanced about \$100,000 as indemnity. Claims of 1892 and 1893, which will be pressed against the Canadian and British Governments, amount to considerably more than \$500,000.

There is likely to be a strike of 10,000 coal miners in the Reynoldsville, Dubois and Puxunawney fields, in Pennsylvania, owing to a reduction of 5 per cent in wages.

Passage of the Patterson amendment to the interstate commerce act has been endangered by a breach of faith on the part of the railroad lobby.

Harry Goodloe, a student of Central University at Richmond, Ky., died of injuries sustained while playing foot-ball.

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